

LANCASTER GAZETTE

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 3 NO. 7

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1855

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
GEO. W. MAC ELROY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE—Old Public Building—Southeast corner of
the Public Square.

TERMS—One year in advance, \$2.00; at the expiration
of the year, \$2.50; Clubs of ten, \$15.00; Clubs of
twenty-five, \$35.00.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, 10 lines (or less) three insertions \$1.00
Each additional insertion 25
One square 3 Months 6 Months 12 Months
Two " 4.00 6.00 9.00
Three " 5.00 8.00 12.00
One-fourth column 7.00 10.00 14.00
One-half " 9.00 12.00 16.00
One " 11.00 15.00 20.00
Yearly advertisers have the privilege of renewing
their advertisements at a discount.
If Business Cards, not exceeding one square will
be inserted, for subscribers, at \$5.00 per year; non-
subscribers will be charged \$6.00.

Thursday Morning June 21, 1855

Written at My Mother's Grave.

BY G. W. MAC ELROY.
The trembling dewdrops fall
Upon the shooting flowers, like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me, are blest.
Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head: when shall it wave
Above the child?
"Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!
And could I love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as rest in childhood lies
And share thy dreams.
And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my silken years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears?
Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely near,
Went down with thee?
On from life's withering bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.
And when the evening pale,
Came o'er a mourning on the dim blue wave,
I pray to hear the night winds wait
Around thy grave.
Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air!
Oh, come, whither I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.
Yes, bless thy weeping child,
O'er whose time urn, religion's shrine,
Oh, give his spirit undimmed,
To blend with thine.

CURING A BLOOMER.

Jack Caryfort was engaged to Miss Melinda Winkle, the only daughter of a retired merchant, when she was only quite a child, and then started for Paris, where he was to study for four years; at the expiration of which time Miss Winkle would be nineteen and ready to assume the duties of a matron. There was no necessity of Jack's studying medicine, he had ample fortune, but old Winkle insisted that he ought to have a profession. From time to time he heard from old Melinda, and learned that she was growing up very beautiful, and so changed that he wouldn't know her.
His studies completed, Jack returned home, and no sooner arrived in Boston than he went in search of Tom Winkle, to learn how his sister was—old Winkle lived on a fancy farm forty miles from Boston. Tom told him that his sister had grown up active and attractive—that she had received a first-rate education, and was witty and accomplished; but that she had become infected with the bloomer mania, and nothing could cure her of her ridiculous determination to wear the pantaloons, and adopt the habits of the ruder sex. He said that her father had remonstrated with her in vain, and that nothing could cure her of her folly.
Now Jack abhorred an unsexed woman, and in spite of his own solemn engagement to marry Melinda, he resolved, if he failed to convert the lady to his own notions of propriety by a system of tactics he had rapidly conceived, he would abandon her to some less fastidious suitor. Having imparted his project to Tom, he started by railroad for Winkle Lodge, and in a couple of hours was shaken warmly by the hand of Mr. Winkle. The old gentleman prepared for a great change in his daughter, and hoped he would not be too much shocked at her costume. So much promised, he introduced the lover to his lady, and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep her company.
Melinda was a jaunty black velvet riding cap, beneath which her hair appeared, cropped short like a man's; a frock coat buttoned up to the throat; a pair of faultlessly fitting pantaloons, and little high-heeled boots. If she had been an actress, Jack would have been delighted, but he was very sorry to see a lady so intimately associated with his happiness in this equipment. She, however, was evidently proud of the independence she exhibited.
Jack kissed her, but he kissed her cousin, too, not entirely to the satisfaction of the bloomer.

said Melinda; "There's my gun in the corner."
"Do you ride as well as shoot?" asked Jack.

"Do I ride?" exclaimed Melinda. "I don't do anything else. I've just been putting my horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital fence."
"Of course you discard the side-saddle?"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied the bloomer slightly blushing.

"I'm going to see my graps, Jack," said old Winkle, "so you must take care of the ladies."

"Dear girl," said Jack, addressing Maria, when Winkle had retired, "though I humored Mr. Winkle's joke, when he introduced me, still the moment I saw you, I knew that you were none other than my Melinda; you are just what I painted you in my dreams."

"And what do you take me for, then, you block-head?" asked Melinda.

"For just what you are my boy!" cried Jack, slapping her on the back—"honest Tom Winkle! Handsome enough for a girl, to be sure, but altogether too rough for one!"

"But assure you Mr. Caryfort—" said Maria.

"Don't assure me that you are not your own sweet self," said Jack, tenderly, "but tell me all about your life here. What a charming, retired place! How abundant is the country in resources for the gratification of true feminine tastes! With its birds and flowers for admiration and culture; its pleasant walks—scenery for the pencil; and then books, music, and household work for in-door employment on rainy days and evenings. Such, doubtless, my dear Melinda has found it."

"But let me tell you, Mr. Caryfort—" interrupted the real Melinda.

"Be quiet, Tom!" cried Jack, impatiently. "Do off with your gun—or go into the stable—you were always a troublesome boy. You must know that I have a world of things to say to your sister."

"I shall stay where I am!" said Melinda, throwing herself into a chair and rocking somewhat violently.

"Well hold your tongue then," said Jack, turning his back upon her, and continuing to converse with Maria. "Dear Melinda, this joke of trying to pass Tom, here, off as you, reminds me of the bloomer mania. We had accounts of it in Paris, and it made the Frenchmen laugh confoundedly at our expense. Once in a while you see a woman in the streets of Paris, dressed in male attire, and such travesties are common in carnival time, but only tolerated then by the license of the season."

"It is an absurd mania, to be sure," said Maria.

"I am glad to hear you condemn it," returned Jack warmly, pressing her hand, "for sooner than marry a confirmed bloomer, I would bestow my hand and name on a street singer, or a tight rope dancer."

"Don't you want to look at the grounds?" said Melinda in a subdued and agitated voice.

"I want to talk with your sister, you little rascal!" cried Jack; and taking her by the shoulders he put her out of the room and locked the door on her.

Ten minutes afterward she peered through the front window blinds, and saw Jack kissing Maria, it being part of his system.

At the dinner table Melinda appeared in the habiliments of her sex, looking very beautiful, though it must be confessed that her eyes were a little red and swollen. She blushed and held out her hand to Jack.

"Amazement!" cried Jack. "Where's Tom?"

"Tom is in Boston, as you know very well, or ought to know," said Melinda.

"Then this lady"—said Jack, now turning to Maria.

"It is my cousin Maria, as you were told this morning, only you wouldn't believe it," said Melinda; reproachfully.

Maria laughed at the joke, but she had a little affair of her own, and was therefore not unwilling to resign Jack to his own.

HIVING BEES.—A chap out in Louisiana recently took a notion for a bath in an inviting stream, which flowed through a field he was engaged in ploughing, and divesting himself of his clothes for the purpose, hung his unmentionables upon the limb of a locust tree, hard by. He had lazily dozed for some half hour, and swam back to his starting point, when he perceived a bevy of young damsels approaching with their flower-baskets. He scrambled up the bank into his breeches, but alas! unapparent man, not soon enough—They were occupied. A small colony of bees was in possession. He reports that he got home; but how, he knows not—

"Thinks he ran," knows he halloo'd and is sure the girls laughed. His friends found in his pantaloons a number of dead bees, some angry ones, and the biggest half of a very sore youth.—Worcester Transcript.

"RABBITED MEN."—The following appears as the closing paragraph to an article from the pen of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the last number of the "Independent."

"Alas! that we should have so many rabbited men among us, who are so holy that they cannot quite touch the ground, and yet are not ethereal enough to rise entirely up, and therefore hang in an unpleasant oscillation between earth and heaven, quite uncertain in their own minds to which their duties belong."

KIRWAN'S LETTERS.
TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

LETTER XI.

MR. DEAR SIR.—In my last letter, I submitted to your decision the question, whether or not the Roman Catholic is a church of Christ, after briefly stating to you how some things bearing on its truthfulness decision strike me. I design the present letter to have no very remote bearing upon the same question; and would ask you to give it this degree of consideration to which, in candour, you may deem its statements entitled.

In reading the prophecies of the Old Testament, I find that they all speak with the most glowing anticipations of the yet future Kingdom of Messiah. That kingdom was to produce the civil, moral, and spiritual renovation of the world. When I turn over to the New Testament, I find that on the birth of Messiah, the Angel of the Lord stated to the shepherds that he came to bring them good tidings of great joy which should be to all people. And having announced the birth of the Saviour in the city of David, he was suddenly joined by a multitude of angels; singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Old Testament and the New, patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, all unite in teaching us that the effect of Christianity upon our world would be to restore it to its primal state, and to re-instamp upon its heart the man the lost image of his Creator.

Now, how far has Popery fulfilled these predictions, and the reasonable expectations of the faithful, founded on them? In other words, what are the fruits of Popery? Our Saviour tells us that a good tree yields good fruit;—a bad tree bad fruit. And with this test in view, my object in the present letter is to state to you how some things strike me.

What has been the effect of Popery upon human liberty? Permit me to use the word "liberty" in its widest sense. As to civil liberty, it has been its unchanging enemy. It has never permitted a spark of liberty to glow for an hour when it could extinguish it. There is not in Europe, at the present hour, perhaps not on earth, a greater civil despot than the Pope. The man that, in Italy, writes a page, or makes a speech in favour of liberty, must fly the kingdom, or be dragged to dungeon. And we are to judge of Popery, not by its pliancy where it cannot rule, but by the way which it shows its heart where it can do so without let or hindrance.

Kings as well as people have groined under its tyranny. Henry IV. of Germany was made by the Pope to stand three days in the open air, with bare head and feet. Frederic II. was made to hold his stirrup. He caused Henry II. of England to be scourged on the tomb of Thomas a Becket. And the present state of Spain, Austria, Italy, show the effects of Popery on civil liberty.

It is equally the foe of mental liberty. The Bible is without any authority, save what your church gives it. And the Bible must teach nothing save what your church allows. And man must believe nothing save what the priest permits. And philosophy must teach nothing save what the church sanctions. You know that for this last offence Galileo was sent to study astronomy in prison. Pure Popery and real liberty never have breathed, and never can, the same atmosphere. The principle of your church is to allow nothing that bows not to its yoke.

What has been the effect of popery upon human knowledge? When Christianity like a new sun rose upon the world, there was much that might be called education in the Roman Empire. The obvious effect of Christianity was to extend it. After the lapse of some ages, popery by gradual stages crept, serpent-like, to the high places of power. How soon afterwards the lights of learning go out; how soon the dark ages commence and roll on as if they were never to end! And those centuries of darkness form the golden age of your church. And what spirit did it manifest on the revival of learning in England after the sacking of Constantinople, and at the Reformation? Leo X. prohibited every book translated from the Greek and Hebrew. This blow was aimed at the Bible. He forbade the reading of every book published by the Reformers. He excommunicated all who read an heretical work. The Inquisitors prohibited every book published by sixty-two different printers; and all books printed by any printer who had ever published a book of heresy! Nor has one of these prohibitions been ever recalled. At this hour, the noblest products of human genius are under the ban of your church; and the Index Expurgatorius is in full operation at Rome!

And what has been the effect of all this upon human knowledge? Look into the countries; for an answer, where your church rules undisputed. The nations and people, in Spain, Portugal, Austria, Sicily, are sunk into almost the same state of ignorance. Upon the intellectual degradation of Catholic Ireland I have already dwelt. The Book of books which the Lamb died to unveil, your church has re-sealed; it has laid an embargo upon human knowledge; it allows the people to read only what it permits; and it permits only what tends to rivet its chains, and to perpetuate the darkness which is its natural element. When the Reformation occurred, the retrograde movement of the world towards ignorance

and barbarism; and idolatry, had almost been completed. Had it not occurred, a radiance might continue to glide the high places of the earth after the gospel sun had set—a twilight might be protracted for a few ages, in which a few might grope their way to heaven—but each age would have come wrapped in a deeper, and yet deeper gloom, until impenetrable darkness had fallen on the world. Even the degree of knowledge which has obtained in the papal world, it owes to the Reformation.

And what has been the effect of popery upon the happiness of our race? This is a question of wide bearing, yet I can do little more than glance at it. Has it ever laid out its energies for the promotion of human happiness? If so, when and where? Has it not, on the other hand, set itself in opposition to everything calculated to promote it? Does general intelligence promote it?—Your church has always opposed it. Does the free circulation of the Word of God promote it?—You have opposed this, also. Does the inculcation of pure religion promote it?—You have poisoned, or closed up all its fountains. Does advancing civilization promote it?—Your efforts are untiring to reverse its wheels and to roll us back to the darkness of the dark ages, whose very light was darkness. But what can I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of your monasteries and nunneries—of the wars which popery has excited—of its crusades—of its bitter jealousies it has sown between states—of the oceans of blood it has shed to obtain its objects—of the Inquisitions it has erected to torture the unbelieving—and of the way and manner in which it has caused those of whom the world was not worthy, to have trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment; how it caused them to be stoned, to be sawn alive, to be slain with the sword; to wander about the deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth. O! Sir, the pathway of popery through the world is marked by the blood and bones of its victims. It has gone into the earth feeling that Joshua's commission on entering Canaan was in its pocket; and that all who questioned its authority were Hittites and Amorites. And almost without a figure of speech it can be said, that the nations which it found as the garden of the Lord, it converted into a howling wilderness. I know not that human happiness has ever had a more determined foe than popery.

What is the influence of popery as to the exercise of Christian charity? By charity I mean not alms-giving, nor yet the love of God which the Spirit inspires in the soul, but that grace which induces love to those who differ from us; and to cast a mantle over their defects. The Bible teaches us to do good to all as we find opportunity—to love our enemies—to treat with kindness those who despitefully persecute us. How does your church obey these injunctions of Christ the Lord? Let your inquiries—your auto da fe's—your Bartholomew's day—your Irish massacre—your yearly anathemas against heretics—your consigning to perdition all beyond the pale of your church, answer. All non-papists you place beyond the pale of mercy—you refuse their bodies Christian burial, if such your burial can be called—

you convert into the bitterest enemies of the man that becomes a Bible Christian, those of his own household—you make the poor Irish servant to feel that his master, and his mistress are the enemies of God, however pious, whose reading of the Bible, and whose prayers to heaven cannot be heard without committing great sin—you enact a ceremonial law, and proclaim that all who submit not to it are speckled with the plague spots. And hence, your priests, wherever located in Protestant communities, instead of going about, as men, to promote the general welfare, move about as spectres, as if afraid of the light of day; here abstracting a child from a Sunday school; there burning a Bible; here poisoning the mind of a servant against his master, and there seeking to place all his own untried followers, like the lepers of Samaria, without the city of God. Does this look like the spirit of Christ?

What is the influence of popery on true religion? To this point I have already spoken. I have told you, sir, how it has corrupted our Rule of Faith, and the sacraments, and the doctrines of the Bible. This is but the theory of the matter.—O, how can I speak of its practical effects? The religion of Christ it has converted into a system of idolatry in which gods and witches—the Bible, and traditions, canons, decretals—the worship of God and of saints—the meditation of Christ and of Mary—prayer and scourging—pious deeds, penances and processions, are all of like authority, and like efficacy!

The mind of the poor papist it fills, not with light and love, but with darkness and fear. It closes to him the way to heaven through the blood of Christ, and opens it through the fires of purgatory. Leaving him in doubt as to where he will succeed best, he now prays for pardon to God—now to the Virgin now to Peter or Paul now before some old picture almost obliterated by age—believing alike the truths of scripture, and the absurdities of your system, and knowing little of either.

It impresses the poor papist with the idea that religion consists, not in love to God and man, but in external submission to rites and forms. Hence, the Spaniard will go to confession with his dagger un-

der his mantle—and the poor generous Irishman, will go from the Mass and Missal to the pot-house. And your inquisitors have gone out from your eucharist to kindle the fires which consumed your heretics and your martyrs, and which illumined their pathway to glory!
But I must stop, lest my emotions swell beyond due bounds.

These Rev. sir, are some, and but some of the fruits of your system. How do they appear to you when thus bro't together? Is the tree which bears these fruits good, or bad? Has popery, in any one particular, in any one country, or in any age, ever produced the results which prophets and apostles have told us the religion of Messiah would produce? If not, are not popery and Christianity, not only different, but antagonistic systems?

With great respect, yours,
KIRWAN.

Don't Depend on "Father."

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you—you have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse" on his fair fame for your influence, or success in business. Think you that "father has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune, is essential to, nay inseparable from the retaining of either of these! Suppose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance; if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with these "rocks" than a goading lion with a tortoise; and if he allows you to meddle with them till you own industry, he perpetrates untold mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to waste away your time, you'd better leave him; yes, run away, sooner than be an imbecile or something worse through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody. If you have become idle, if you have eaten father's bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot-black—and indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, half-starved motherless calf! Miserable objects you are, that depend entirely on your parents, playing gentlemen, (dandy loafers.) What in the name of common sense are you thinking of? Wake up there! Go to work with either your hands or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown in "father's house"—that you have vegetated as other green herbs; but let folks know that you count one! Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow handles, the scythe, the axe, the pickaxe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly around and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potatoe patch, let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the bars, and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spot, do it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own, buy with your earnings an empty barrel, and put your head into it and holler, or get into it and roll down hill; don't for pity's sake make the old gentleman furnish everything, and you live at your ease.

Look about you, you well-dressed, smooth-faced, do-nothing drones: Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or are they those that have elined their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influence, may secure you the forms of respect, but let him lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable flogging—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and then you may begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your lily finger, brake your cane, shave your upper lip, wine your nose, hold up your head, and, by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father.

The death of an old man's wife, says Lamarine, is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its care and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered, as if one of his old eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he missees those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.

Destruction of the Spanish Inquisition.
The following account of the destruction of the Inquisition in Spain, by the French, is from an authentic source. A graphic description of the Inquisitorial Rooms is also given. They bear a resemblance, although far exceeding in horror, those described by Mr. Perry, in his visit to the Inquisitorial Rooms in Mexico.

When we arrived at the wall and summoned them to surrender & open the gates, says Col. L. in his report—they presented a musket and shot one of the men. This was the signal of attack. It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls were covered with soldiers of the holy office. After a hard struggle, a breach was made. On rushing in we met the Inquisitor General followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes. All came out of their rooms with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts as if they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and rebuked their own soldiers, saying—

"Why do you fight our friends, the French? Their intention was to make us believe this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, and that they were friendly. Their artifice was too shallow and did not succeed. I ordered them to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms—we passed through room after room, found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, and wax candles, altars and crucifixes in abundance, but could discover no evidence of inquiry being practiced there. The marble floor was arranged with a strict regard to order; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive. We searched in vain; and the holy father assured us that they had been belied—that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, but Col. de Lile was not so ready, and said to me:

"Let this marble floor be examined; let water be poured upon it, and see if there is any place where it passes through more freely than others."

I replied, "do as you please."

Water was poured on the floor and every seam carefully examined, to see if the water passed through. Presently, Col. de Lile exclaimed he had found it by the side of one of these marble slabs; the water passed through fast, and all hands were now at work for further discoveries—officers with their swords, soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab, and others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might, trying to break it.

One of the soldiers struck on the slab with the butt of his gun, and hit a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar's when the hand-writing appeared on the wall. Beneath the slab there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar and took from one of the candle sticks a candle four feet in length, that I might explore the room below—doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand upon my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said:

"My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands—they are holy."

"Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity," and proceeded down the staircase.

As we reached the bottom of the stairs we entered a large room which was called the hall of judgment. In the center was a large block, with a chain fastened to it, and small cells extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never again to see.—These cells were places where the wretched objects of Inquisitorial hate were confined, till death released them from their sufferings. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some had been dead but a short time, while others, nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of the dungeon. In other cells were found living sufferers of both sexes, from three score years and ten down to fourteen, all naked as when born in the world, and all in chains. Here were the old man and woman that had been shut up for years; here, too, were the middle-aged; the young men and maidens of fourteen years. The soldiers went to work releasing them, and took their overcoats and other clothing, and gave them to cover their nakedness. We then proceeded to explore another room on the left—Here we found instruments of torture of every kind which the ingenuity of man or devil could invent.

Col. D. here described four of the horrid instruments.

The first was a machine by which the victim was confined; then beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms and body was drawn out; the second was a box in which the head of the victim was confined by a screw; over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water fell every second on the head, in the same place, which put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony, till death; the third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that by turning the machine by a crank, the flesh was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman or doll; richly dressed, with arms extended, and around her feet a

semi-circle was drawn; the victim who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engines to open its arms, clasp him, and a thousand knives cut him up as many pieces in the deadly embrace. This was called the virgin. The sight of these engines of torture kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury; they declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. The generals did not oppose them. When the Inquisitor General was brought before the virgin he begged to be excused.

"No," said they, "you have made others kiss her and now you must do it," and pushed him over the fatal circle. The beautiful image instantly clasped him in its arms and he was cut into innumerable pieces.

After witnessing the tortures of four, the Colonel left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the guilty inmates of that prison-house of hell. In the meantime it was reported through Madrid that the Inquisition was opened, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. What a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection.—About one hundred who had been buried for years, were now restored to life. Fathers found their long lost daughters, wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children. The scene was such as no tongue could describe.

Having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults and placed a slow match in connection with it, and withdrew to a distance. In a few moments there was a joyful sight. The walls and towers of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth a heap of ruins.

OHIO CAN'T BE BEAT.—At the grand Bazaar of Show of Bazaar at his Museum, Mr. leads off in point of productiveness. Mr. J. B. Sprague and his wife, exhibited two girls and three boys, triplets and twins.—All of them were born in Knox county, Ohio. The triplets, two girls and a boy, were five years old, and the twins, boys, were three years old. The happy father thought this was putting in the time pretty well. We wrote eye on that question.—There are seven sets of triplets, 11 sets of twins, and 100 single editions of humanity. At least 10,000 persons attended the show during the first day. The total income was over \$2,500. It will be kept up about a week, and will turn out quite a speculation. The Tribune reporter thus describes the baby that took the \$100 prize, &c.:

"The baby who took the premium of \$100 as the handsomest in the collection somehow escaped the notice of reporters. Its name is Charles Orlando Scott; it was born February 18, 1851; the father is 30 years old and the mother 28; the mother has had two children before; she 'lived freely' for the year previous to its birth; she indulged during that time in general domestic exercise; its birth was regular, and it has been bathed in cold water winter and summer. Mr. Barnum speaks in very high terms of the beauty of the mother. The mother and child will be enthroned to-day and through the week for the public ratification of the award. After that it can be found at No. 369 Fourth avenue. Its father is a coachman. It is therefore definitely ascertained that a handsome baby must have a handsome mother, and she must have had two children before, that she must live freely, take general domestic exercise on level land, and that her husband must be a coachman."

ANOTHER SWINDLING CLAIM AGENT CONVICTED.—Commissioner Waldo returns no disposition to repose upon the laurels he has so fairly won, and modestly worn, as a prompt, vigilant and faithful officer. Some two months since he transmitted such information to the United States district attorney for East Tennessee as led to the arrest of John Parham, on a charge of forging bounty land claims. One of the Commissioner's clerks was promptly dispatched to Tennessee to aid the district attorney with the necessary testimony. At the last term of the district court, held at Knoxville, the case was brought to trial, and resulted in the conviction of Parham, who will doubtless be sentenced to imprisonment for a term of not less than seven years. This makes the nineteenth conviction since Judge Waldo has been placed at the head of the Pension Office.

MEN OF AMERICA—MEN OF THE AGE.
The greatest man, "take him all and all," of the last hundred years was George Washington—an American.

The greatest Doctor of Divinity was Jonathan Edwards—an American.

The greatest Philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.

The greatest of living Sculptors is Hiram Powers—an American.

The greatest living Historian is William H. Prescott—an American.

The greatest ornithologist was J. J. Audubon—an American.

The greatest Lexicographer since the time of Johnson was Noah Webster—an American.

The greatest inventors of modern times, were Fulton, Fitch, Whitney, Morse and Colt—all Americans.